

"Merry Christmas!" said Little Cat (but it sounded like Pur-r-r-r!")

"Merry Christmas!" said Great Old Dog, deep down in his great old throat (but it sounded like "Wuff! Wuff! WUFF!")—*L. E. R.*

The following poem is probably an exaggeration, but there may be some people whom it fits—those who are so full of good works for others that they neglect their own homes. There is a happy medium. Look after the poor and unfortunate, but remember the dear ones at home:

How We Spent Christmas.

We didn't have much of a Christmas,
My papa and Rosie and me,
For mama'd gone out to the prison
To trim up the poor pris'ners' tree;
And Ethel, my big grown-up sister,
Was down at the 'sylum all day,
To help at the great turkey-dinner,
And teach games for the orphans to play.
She belongs to a club of young ladies,
With a "beautiful object," they say,
'Tis to go among poor lonesome children
And make all their sad hearts more gay.

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My pap had bought a big turkey,
And had it sent home Christmas Eve;
But there wasn't a soul there to cook it.
You see Bridget had threatened to leave
If she couldn't go off with her cousin
(He doesn't look like her a bit.)
She says she belongs to a "union,"
And the union won't let her submit.
So we ate bread and milk for our dinner
And some raisins and candy, and then
Rose and me went down-stairs to the pantry
To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding—
Then he thought that he didn't quite dare,
For Rosie'd got cold and kept coughing;
There was dampness and chills in the air.
Oh, the day was so long and so lonesome!
And our papa was lonesome as we;
And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine,
And all the sweet roses—the tea,
And the red ones, and ferns, and carnations
That have made our bay window so bright,
Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison,
To make their bad hearts pure and white.

And we all sat close to the window,
Rose and me on our papa's two knees,
And we counted the dear little birdies
That were hopping about on the trees.
Rose wanted to be a brown sparrow,
But I thought I would rather, by far,

Be a robin that flies away winters
Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are;
And papa wished he was a jail-bird,
'Cause he thought that they fared the best;
But all were real glad we weren't turkeys,
For then we'd be killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers—
"Dear God, we've been lonesome today,
For Mamma, Ethel, and Bridget,
Every one of them all went away.
Won't you please make a club or society,
'Fore it's time for next Christmas to be,
To take care of philantrpist's families,
Like Papa, and Rosie, and me?"

—*Julia Walcott.*

The King.

There came a King to Bethlehem town
Two thousand years gone by,
Who had no ermine, robe or crown
To mark his royalty;

Who found no throng to pave His road
With palms or carpets gay,
Nor palace rich for His abode,
Nor courtiers to obey.

Yet empire vast awaited Him,
On mountain, moor, and main;
E'en Europe's tangled forests dim
Held subjects for His reign.

And soon confusion ceased to hold
Uninterrupted power,
And some of earth's oppressions old
Began to cringe and cower.

There came a King to Bethlehem town
Two thousand years gone by,
And angels from the heavens spoke down
A royal prophecy;

That while the red sun's central flame
Should warm the peopled spheres,
Though every other kingly name
Lay dead among dead years,

This King should hold His state above
The weakness of decay,
Because the eternal power of love
Should base His throne away.

There came a King to Bethlehem town
Two thousand years gone by,
And still He reigns and still speak down
The Angel's prophecy;

And some fair century yet to rise
His power complete shall show,
And all earth's sceptred cruelties
Before His throne lie low.

—*Arthur Wentworth Eaton.*